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WARLEY:

A

SATIRE.

ADDRESSED

To the First ARTIST in *Europe*.

STULTA EST CLEMENTIA.

JUV. Sat. i.

PART THE FIRST.

LONDON:

Printed for D. BROWN, at Garrick's Head, in Katharine-ſtreet, Strand.

October, 1778.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIX-PENCE.]

WAR.

A

SATIRE.

ADDRESSED

To the Pitt Artist in Lincoln's.

STULTA EST CLEMENTIA.

Juv. Sat. i.

PART THE FIRST.

LONDON:

Printed for D. Browne, at Sandby's Head, in Ave-Maria-Lane.

October, 1778.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.]

Stack
Annex
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WARLEY:

A SATIRE.

FOR THEE, whom Minerva, St. Luke and Apelles,
Have ſhewn what in heav'n, and in earth, and in hell is;
Whoſe Pencil inherits the fire of Prometheus,
And ſaves from the lake of oblivious Lethe us;
And each drawing-room graces for fair ready rhino,
With a bare a—— young Jove, or a ſtarv'd Ugolino:
And, like Hunter, gives birth to, with fingers ſo liſſom,
Girls, that ſtart from the canvas, and aſk us to kiſs 'em.
Oh REYNOLDS! for Thee, ſhall the militant muſe
Depicture the ſcene of our *Royal Reviews*.

In the county of Eſſex, from whence none away go,
Who have not encounter'd a Calf or an Ague;
A few miles to the north of the fam'd town of Romford,
Which to lanthorn-jaw'd buttocks adminiſters comfort;
Near neighbour to Brentwood, and cloſe on the right,
Thine hillocks, wild Warley, aſtoniſh the ſight!
Thine hillocks, abounding with banners and flags,
Where the rich ſhew their taſte, and the beggars their rags;
Where tag-rag and bob-tail, of various degrees,
Full of wonder reſort, and return full of fleas.

Ten thouſand brave fellows here fatten in clover,
On Three-pence a day, and a Half-penny over;
Ten Thouſand old Women, as many young Flirts,
To curry and waſh'em, and mend their old ſhirts;
And a regiment of Barbers, who never yet fear'd
The Chevaux de frize of an outlandiſh beard;
Cooks, Sutlers, Bawds, Methodiſt Preachers in ſhoals,
To take Chriſtian care of their bodies and ſouls.

His numbers their gallant Commander ſurveys,
While great as Old Xerxes his truncheon he ſways;
Thus Moſes of Iſrael, Commander, and Biſhop,
Offended with Egypt, could call at his wiſh up
An Army of Locuſts, with Stomachs rapacious,
To devour their proviſions, and all things herbaceous.
Thus, Eſſex, thine Oxen and Fatlings are ſlain,
Nor of all thy green herbs does one cabbage remain.

But lo! the fierce heroes are forming the lines,
What carnage awaits the fat turkies and chines!
Sure ſome mighty event all theſe clamours announce,
For the old women ſwear, and the big cannons bounce!
What firing and blaſting of muſkets and tongues!
What waſte and conſumption of powder and lungs!
In vain ſue for pity the frogs in the marſhes,
The weaſles deſpairing muſt fain turn their a——!
Hares, rabbits, and rats in a terrible taking,
Their manſions ſo ſnug in a trice have forſaken,
And alarm'd at the noiſe even dormice are waking.

But

But take my advice you poor blundering moles,
As you value your eye-ſight keep ſnug in your holes,
If once they come near you, expect not to thrive,
For they'll certainly kill you—or eat you alive.
Each heroe, more fierce than the offſpring of Thetis,
Enflam'd with ſuch vengeance and valorous heat is,
That they ſtorm ev'ry fuz buſh that grows on the plains,
And as for the cow-t——s—they blow out their brains.
With fruitleſs entreaty the farmer alledges,
That they ſap his ſtrong fences, and burn all his hedges;
That 'tis very well known they have march'd many miles,
To pepper his gates, and be-devil his ſtiles;
They hear his complaint, and to finiſh the ſtrife,
He broaches his beer, and ſurrenders his wife.

But the muſe all begrim'd with ſmoak, brimſtone, and powder,
On a ſudden is flown where the tumult grows louder.
Who comes yonder on horſeback? his warlike appearance,
And Three-corner'd Hat, I ſhall think of this year hence;

So

So comely and proper, " God bleſs his ſweet face!
(The good wives exclaim) "' tis his Majeſty's Grace,"
While the muſical inſtruments make the woods ring,
With Roaſt Beef, Jolly Roger, and God ſave the king!
Each his drawn ſword in hand, ſee his guards how they ſcamper,
French Foutres, avaunt! or he'll give you a damper.
Obſequious around him his Nobles are waiting,
Their Ladies of Red Coats and lap-dogs debating;

(Great * Maſter, who feedeſt on purſlain and cellery,
Methinks I am ranging thy populous gallery,
Where Iris preſents all her beautiful hues,
Like a Silk Mercer's 'prentice to pleaſe Lady Muſe,
The ſole manufacture of beauty refin'd,
That paints the rich tints of the face and the mind;
Where glows Nature's fire, which all other ſhops darken,
And exiſt all the graces that ſail'd Noah's ark in:)

* Alluding to Protogenes of Greece, who is ſaid to have lived ſolely on Vegetables whilſt painting his celebrated Picture, JALISUS.

I proteſt, my dear Lord, ſays the Counteſs of Squindor,
'Tis a ſhame a fine Lady ſhould e'er ſtay within door;
Don't you ſee little Comfit, my houſekeeper's daughter,
Gallanting about with Lieutenant Mac Slaughter?
Shall dirty pert Trollops enjoy the freſh air,
And a Woman of Faſhion ſit ſtill in her chair;
When ev'ry ſpruce Beau is her moſt humble ſervant,
And like Shock of her lips, looks, and geſtures obſervant;
Let me rather be call'd an extravagant jilt,
Than while ſo much powder and eſſence is ſpilt;
Sit at home, like Penelope, weaving a quilt;
Should my huſband enforce it in abſolute ſpight,
The taſk of the day I'd undo in the night.

Lady Bab, I was told, you had ſprain'd your fore-finger,—
Pray, Baron Muſtach, have you heard the new Singer?
Sir Simon Sham-ſhudle has had a miſhap,
His little Green Monkey was caught in a trap;
The dear little fellow is terribly maul'd,
'Twas ſhocking to hear how he chatter'd and ſquall'd;

The

The phyſicians have met and adviſe amputation,
But he cannot ſurvive ſuch a dire operation;
And I'm certain, (ſhould all other remedies fail,)
My Lady will die, if they cut off his tail.
One is ſo incommoded with people that tramp it,
I'm delighted to ſee you my dear Mrs. Lambet;
The Col'nel declares there's good news i'the wind,
How does my Lord Biſhop? He's coming behind:
Parſon Wallop and Jerry have thruſt in their noſes,
And attend on his Lordſhip, and Brigadier Moſes.
A Review is a thing that I take great delight in,
But, Major, I hope we ſhall have ſome buſh fighting:
His Grace of the terrible cannon afraid is,
But they can't be too loud for myſelf or the Ladies;
Nay, as for my own part, I'm only in doubt,
Of which is moſt noiſy, the camp or a rout;
And I'm ſure, that in both there's a charming confuſion.
Says my Lady Lonchand, "What a happy alluſion!
As I live, all theſe Officers, Soldiers, and Guards,
Appear, to my thinking, one great pack of cards:

See the Gen'ral advance with drums, trumpets, and flutes,
Why 'tis only the dear King o'Di'monds in boots;
And ſly Col'nel Rammer, ſharp-viſag'd and grave,
Is ſo like, that a blind-man would think him the Knave:
Says the Major G—— d—— me I think I ſhall ſplit,
For ne'er in my life did I hear ſo much wit;
Your ſatire ſo brilliant exceeds all compare,
But why ſhould not you, Ladies, come in for your ſhare?
Since you ſay that our Leaders ſo gallant and fine,
Like the Di'mond belac'd in their uniform ſhine,
By her Gait Amazonian and large Pair o'B——s,
I aver Lady Antlet the fair Queen o'Clubb is,
And all who excell in politeneſs and parts
Swear Allegiance to Granby, the Sov'reign of Hearts!
But let us, Dear Ladies, one moment look back,
And make our remarks on the reſt of the Pack:
On demireps, dowagers, black-legs and jades,
A mixture of court-cards, clubs, di'monds, and ſpades:
See the Scotchman's fair daughter, with gallants all round her,
Who never yet ſhrank from a midnight encounter;

His

His high rank and eſtate her loſt huſband adorns,
Whoſe fair ſpreading laurels keeps pace with his horns.
Note that Uſurer's conntenance, callous and grum,
Tis Pope—— of all ſcoundrels, the cream and the ſcum,
Who had rather by half, for the national good,
See a Baronet hang'd, than an army review'd:
How the Gamblers look up to their friend Sir John Ladle,
Who mounted the Car when he quitted the Cradle;
I wiſh you could ſee him an inn-yard drive into,
And ſhake hands with his whore at his dining-room window;
For to no one more homage is paid, let me tell ye,
By waiters, bawds, oſtlers, and Captain O'Kelly.
The raſh youth, who hath reach'd that extravagant height,
Where the ſon of old Dædalus took his mad flight;
Like periods await, and he ſoon ſhall behold,
How frail his reliance on plumage of gold.
That handſome gilt chariot juſt now broken down,
Encloſes a Patriot of mickle renown;
In abject confuſion he trembles and reels,
And avers that the ſtate has demoliſh'd his wheels;

But the King may his right loyal city explore,
And cry as Old Harry exclaim'd heretofore,
God be thank'd I've ten thouſand ſuch patriots more.
Like a herd of ſtruck deer gay Sir Watkin aghaſt is,
Who together have graz'd, and together make paſties,
While they fain would lay hold on the Antlers of others,
Who this maxim imbibe with the milk of their mothers,
In diſtreſs to turn tail on Republican Brothers.
Then to Guildhall he hies him, and ſtarts for the Chair,
" Oh Gentlemen, make me your worthy Lord Mayor * !
" By a Gang of reſpectable varlets this day
" I was call'd on in truth, and they told me to ſay,
" That the city of London, both great and important,
" Had need to look ſharp, that's the long and the ſhort on't;
" Since two mighty pow'rs are engaging the nation,
" And your ſavory ſelves in a rank ſituation,
" Like Portugal Onions move tears of compaſſion;
" My own things and my Lady's grow every day worſe,
" I have emptied my noddle, my bowels, and purſe,

* Vide Verbatum, from the Daily Advertiſer, September 29, 1778.

So

" So my friends in your choice you muſt be very cautious."
Thus ended Sir Knight his oration ſo nauſeous,
But theſe ſwaggering blades to his eloquence dumb,
Unanimous voted for Alderman Plumb,
Who repleniſh'd the throne with his worſhipful Bum.
Ah ſtretch not Sir Knight thine invincible face,
Thou may'ſt yet be permitted to carry the Mace.
Great Wilkes ſees his Vaſſals lie ſprawling below,
And tears like the tears of Old Lucifer flow,
For Old Lucifer wept, as John Milton can tell,
When he took a ſurvey of the Devils in Hell.
Oh Chieftain! the firſt who ſhook off thine allegiance,
Wag'd war againſt Rulers and honeſt obedience:
The firſt who the flag of contention unfurl'd,
And in open rebellion enliſted the world;
Thou Cardinal Evil, and Scourge of the Nations,
Behold in their wane thine accurſt Exhalations.
Oh Caitiff! no longer the ſunbeams refulgent,
To thee and thy miſcreant legions indulgent,

Shall

Shall cheer the dark paths which thy footſteps have trod,
To diſhonour thy Country, thy King, and thy God:

But amongſt all this throng we ſhall find, to be ſure,
The extravagant daughter of old Sir J— M——;
'Tis yon ſkittiſh filly, in want of a Rider,
So fond of the *Leveret* ſquatting beſide her.
You're miſtaken, my dear, that's Viſcounteſs Rantandrum,
With the Biſhop of Soap-ſuds, and Lord Caleandrum;
And, Major, what ails you? why ſure you muſt know,
That Sir Charles has been done up theſe ſix weeks ago;
And her Ladyſhip drain'd of her money and wits, Sirs,
Is to Coventry gone, or the land of the Switzers.
How yon hot-headed Senator drives all before him!
Like him who diſmounted old Ahab and Joram:
The Courtiers give way, for his very looks fright'em,
You may ſwear 'tis the generous Landlord of Whiteham:
Of the Miniſters ſee he is making ſtrange work,
And applies his own Birch to the Flogger of York;

The

The eyes of the Court he beſpatters with mud,
And whatever he ſwears to, will ſeal with his blood;
He damns all the Spencers illuſtrious family,
Though they ſweated our foes at the battle of Ramillie:
Proteſts againſt Counſellors, Meaſures, and Taxes,
And for ev'ry State Noddle is whetting his axes;
In his country's dear cauſe his laſt drop he would ſpill,
And wear out his horſe-whip, his purſe, and his quill.
Oh blind to thine honours, thy rank, and eſtate!
Who canſt bet with the tenant that bows at thy gate;
Oh thou to whom fate with indulgence uncommon,
Has entruſted the beſt and the lovlieſt of women!
With horror reflect on the day that enſues,
When a prey to Thieves, Gamblers, Pimps, Jockies, and Jews,
Thy rich acres devolve, and thy manſions ſo fair
And the ſcum of creation thy royalties wear;
Thy children diſpers'd on the face of the earth
Shall curſe the dire planet that reign'd at their birth;
Thy firſt-born for bread at a levee ſhall bow,
And pawn the bright wreath that encircles his brow.

But take notice, Dear Bab, on the right of the camp is
Lady Rottenjaw flirting with Admiral Grampus.
With her odious red hand ſhe is patting his cheek,
While he ſavours and looks juſt as freſh as a Leek.
There is no need to prove from old muſty ſentences,
That great people make little uſe of their ſenſes.
My lady, indeed, wears a decent Proboſcis,
Yet ſome folks there are cannot ſmell with their Noſes;
And the Gentry of Weſtminſter, when they get by't,
Cannot ſee with their eyes to diſcern black from white.
How many fair dames with the help of a candle
Cou'd ſcarce aſcertain ev'ry ſtrange thing they handle!
To deny folks have legs you might fancy ſtrange talk,
Yet many who have, never uſe them to walk;
And I'm ſure if you heard their fantaſtical notes,
There's not Ten in Ten Thouſand who ſpeak thro' their throats.
That their Makers are like'em in Scripture 'tis writ,
Their hair-dreſſers, milliners, taylors to wit:
And by the ſame Scriptures we're credibly told,
That their idols are nothing but ſilver and gold.

Says

Says General Twadgel, and curl'd his left jaw,

" You put me in mind of a drolliſh old ſaw;

" But you're all of you Ladies, I'd almoſt forgot,——

" I was going to tell you—the Devil knows what."

Dear Twadgel, let's have it."—" Good Ma'am, 'tis indecent"—

We'll pinch him to death but we'll all have a peice on't:——

"'Zounds, Ladies, I'd rather be drill'd, or bombarded."—

Then tell us——" I will, but don't gripe me ſo hard yet—

" The dog that is hungry will eat up a rank cake,

" And a t—— to a ſow is as good as a pancake.

" But, Major 'Kian, we are call'd for——Allons."

Oh the terrible wretches! I'm glad they are gone.

What the General ſaid, pray let none of us blab;

No not to our huſbands, my dear Lady Bab.

To my batter'd old Fribble! O pray never fear.

And now we are talking of huſbands, my dear,

The woman that marries, I call her a gooſe,

For huſbands are fixtures grown quite out of uſe:

When they once get in years, the poor Tatter-de-mallions,

Should be turn'd out a grazing with worn out old ſtallions;

And

And to ſpeak like a laſs of the turf and the ton,
I drive one who has neither blood, ſpirit, or bone;
Nay a Gelding would ſerve me as well as my own.
Dear my lady, your caſe makes my bowels to yearn——
And, Madam, I think 'tis a common concern——
Mrs. Fuzzledom ſwears that my Lady ſpeaks reaſon,
Yes, I'd plague the Old Wretch 'till he cut his curſt weazon.
But, Ladies, (you know I abominate ſcandal)
Sir David Coranto has damag'd his handle;
His noſe, I beg Pardon, I meant to have ſaid,
Mrs. Roundabout kick'd the poor ſoul out of bed.
Sir David, you know, weighs a tun and a half;
'Tis a fact, but don't tell it, 'twill make people laugh:
And the Knight is ſo ſore, ſo courageous and bloody,
If laugh'd at, he'd run his own wife thro' the body.

See that mirrour of Knighthood, who up the hill clambers
It can be no other than Sir W———m C———!
Sir William! the ſame who the world over went all,
As appears by his treatiſe on Taſte Oriental;

The

The Architect famous, who gave to our view,
The fine houſe in the Strand, that is ſpick-and-ſpan new.
And a Barn and a Lanthorn has built on its roof,
Of our art and his own to *exhibit* a proof §.
At the top of the front you may ſee the Town Laſſes,
Survey the Stone Beadles, and laugh at their faſces;
"Had Bridewell ſuch Beadles, they never would hurt us."
Stone Beadles, my Lord!—they're the Cardinal Virtues.
It never can be—ſure they came, by their forehead,
From Newgate, the dry nurſe of viſages horrid ‡;
Yet Geniuſſes often have comical whimſies,
And the houſe is a good one—but damn his Brick Chimnies.

Take notice of old Sir O Hara Mac Daniel,
One leg in the grave, and the other in flannel;

§ Above the Royal Arms, which completely finiſh the front of the building, the Architect has erected a cumbrous Exhibition Room for the Royal Academy.

‡ ———Leonum
Arida nutrix. HOR.

And Enſign Cold Streamer, ſo cloſely acquainted
With my Lady, be-plaſter'd, be-piſs'd and be-painted.
See yon portly Stew'rd, does your Ladyſhip ken him?
Lord W———, attending his Maſter of Blenheim;
While Madam looks down on the rabble with ſcorn,
Oh —— ——, full high ſhe exalteth thine horn;
And her delicate fingers, we all muſt allow,
Look as if they had never been milking a cow.
But a few years ago you was humble and civil,
Set a beggar on horſeback, ſhe'll ride to the devil.

Obſerve thoſe fine cattle that gallop before,
Bold Mac Stony-batter, and Lady ———;
Who 'ſcap'd from Bumbailiffs, by puſhing a face, has
Full poſſeſſion obtain'd of my Lady's good graces;
An impudent Fellow, ne'er at a loſs known was,
And carries a Lady, as well as a ſtone-horſe.

With full as much Braſs in his countenance wroth,
Comes Parſon Croſs-buttock, Diſgrace to his cloth!

For

For abuſe the brave Parſon had always a handle,
He ſat out at firſt with retailing of ſcandal:
To America, honours and wealth he tranſlated,
And King, Lords, and Commons inceſſantly *baited*,
When the Great to avoid Defamation, they ſay,
Made this Clerical Scavenger Vicar of Bray;
And you cannot imagine how alter'd the farce is,
The Court he extolls both in Proſe and in Verſes;
And the Rebels he ſwears have not rags to their ——.
He now with profound veneration can ſquint on
The wonderful proweſs of General Clinton,
And ſafe home to Mamma counter-march Maſter H——
With a Thicket of Laurels that bloom round his brow;
While Waſhington's ragged retainers he'd poiſon,
For enriching the ocean with Congo and Hyſon.
Such charms has vile gold for the abject and mean,
And ſo juſtly hath *Flaccus enthron'd her a Queen,

* Et Decus & Formam Regina Pecunia donat. HOR.

For

For the ſyſtem of Midas our Black Coat has learn'd,
Who melted to Guineas the Butter he churn'd.

Yon ſteeds all bedeckt with gay trappings and new bitts,
Bear a matron whoſe head meaſures full forty cubits;
Confeſs'd by her gait and her furbelow'd gown,
Mrs. Alderman Drawbridge from London's fine town.
Mrs. Alderman, Sir, by her Mane I ſhould ſwear
That herſelf or her huſband at leaſt was the May'r.
See fierce Count Orourko, whoſe broad ſhoulders bore him
Slap-daſh thro' the world like his Couſin before him;
Yet Orourko, tho' frequently kick'd, as heart whole is,
And a Captain as brave as Will Shakeſpeare's Parolles.

Take notice of yonder fanatical rout
Encircling their Methodiſt Preacher about;
Who turn up their eyes with devotion and wonder,
Like Muſcovy Ducks in a loud Clap of Thunder;
While in Thunder their Teacher delivers his ſermon,
White-waſhing their Souls with the pure Dew of Hermon;

For

For ſo foul were they worn that their Owners no hopes had,
Save in Waſh-Tub of Grace and New-Covenant Soap-ſud.
If you'd dabble in Lather of Regeneration,
Read on to your Comfort and Edification :

A METHODIST SERMON.

OH accurſed Miſcreants bound in
Chains of groſs iniquity,
All the Fiends of Hell ſurrounding !
Porkers fat in carnal Stye.

Pull your hats off, learn Good Manners
All that to this Grace-Shop come ;
Here Damnation waves his Banners,
While the Devil beats his Drum.

Leave your Fathers and your Mothers,
Leave your Wives and Children dear,
I'm your Shepherd——Damn all others !
I can ſave you—never fear.

See the fleecy clouds are rending,
Down from Heav'n a Poſt-boy trots,
All in radiant White deſcending,
Come to ſoak up inky blots.

Inky Blots of Sin and Satan's,
Filthy Rags and running Sores;
Rotten Tongues that hate their Matins,
Sutlers, Captains, Rogues, and Whores.

See the Devil intercepting,
Tries to knock him off his Steed;
Honeſt Paul in time has ſtepp'd in,
Here's old Hell to pay indeed!

Two to One is Odds at Foot-Ball,
The foul Fiend is preſſed ſore;
Kick his heart out Branch and Root *Ball,
Hark! yourſelves may hear him roar!

* Ball, the Name of the Celeſtial Poſt-Boy's Horſe.

Now

Now pull Devil, Paul, and Baker,
Devil to the Spittle goes;
Five to Four the Brimſtone Raker,
Dares not ſhew his naked Noſe.

Lucifer, thou Morning Star, Oh
Doſt thou leave us in the lurch;
Gone where *Noll, Pope Joan, and Pharaoh,
Sting their Bums with burning Birch.

Meſſenger of Joy eternal,
Open Revelation Mail;
Types of Grace adorn the Journal,
Sent in Thunder, Storm, and Hail.

Read, oh read the Crumbs of Comfort!
Sion's Morning Poſt recites,
Rig your Bums at heav'nly Romford,
Shrivell'd ſore with baleful Blights.

* Oliver Cromwell.

Lo!

Lo ! I advertiſe by auction,
Apozem for ſinful Chops,
Saving Love's divine Decoction
Shedding ſweet its ghoſtly drops.

For each Bunter, Brim, and Trollop,
Full of Worldly Itch and Pox,
Pills of right Salvation Jalop,
Two-pence purchaſes a Box.

Maudlin Souls who ſwallow Satan,
In your Midriff lies the rogue,
There he ſhall no longer fatten,
This will make you diſembogue.

I'm your Father and Phyſician,
Wretches drunk with worldly Gin,
Wrapt in ſweet emetic Viſion,
Caſt away your Slough of Sin.

Bring, oh bring your filthy Riches,
Treaſure get that never dies ;
Forg'd for true Believer's Breeches,
New Jerus'lem Hooks and Eyes.*

Little callow Chicken bleſſed
Who no longer wiſh to ſtray,
'Neath my Corm'rant Wings careſſed,
Lo, the Path to Realms of Day!

Foricus of Faith exploring,
Golden hope you there ſhall find,
When the latter blaſt is roaring,
Sin abſterging from behind.

All the twilight Banners waving,
Round the luſcious Feaſt of Love,
Ranting Cherubs, Seraphs braving
Buttock bare with ghoſtly ſhove. §

* "Hooks and Eyes, for Believers Breeches," the Title of a fanatical Treatiſe.

§ Vide Baxter's Spiritual Shove to a heavy-ars'd Chriſtian.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

IN THE PRESS,

And ſpeedily will be publiſhed,

THE

SECOND PART

OF THIS

SATIRE.

ERRATA.

Page 9,	line 2,	for *keeps,*	read *keep.*
	10,	*at his,*	*at the.*
	15,	*periods await,*	*period awaits.*
10,	Note,	*Vide Verbatum,*	*Verbatim.*
12,	1,	*paths*	*path.*

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